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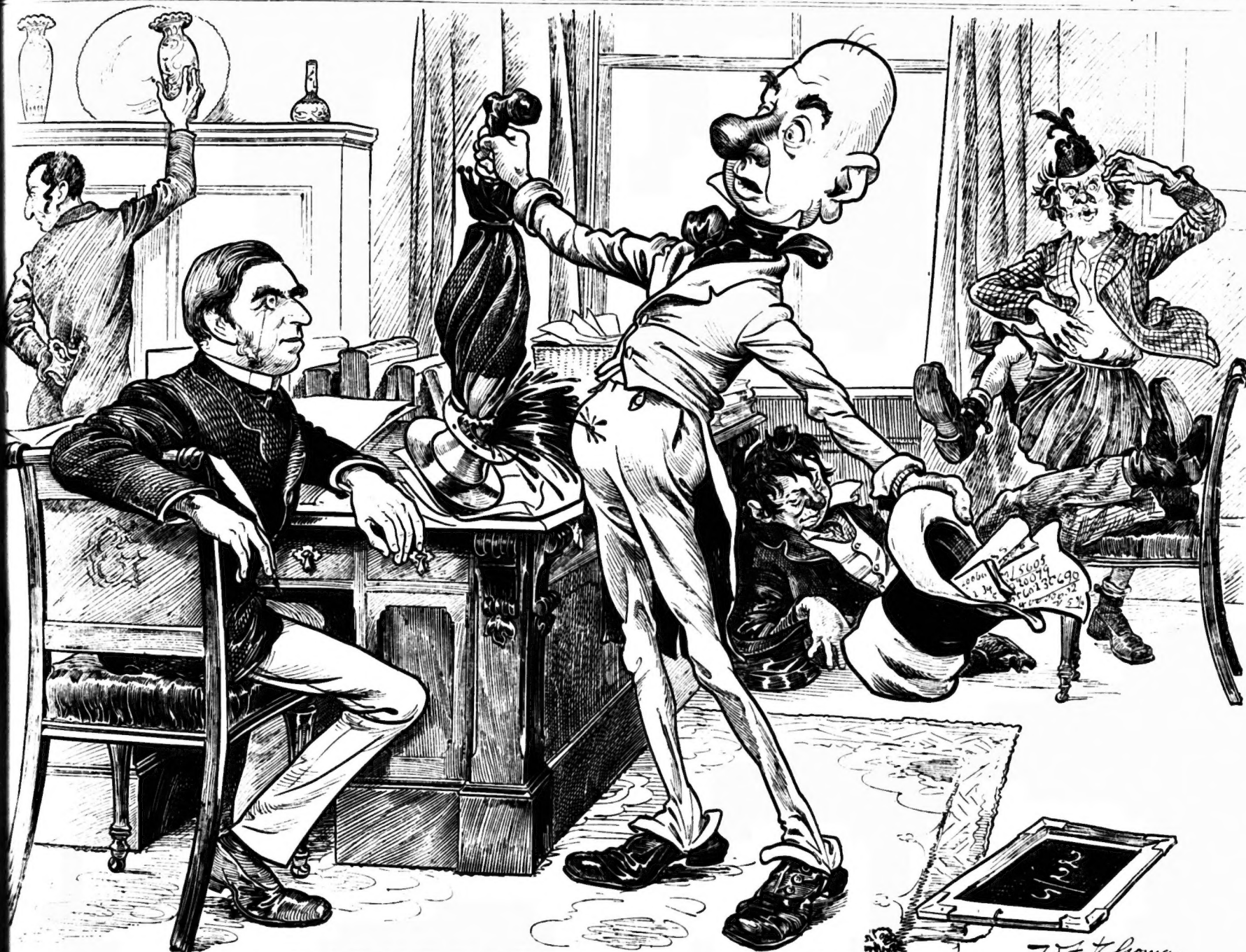
ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. IX.—No. 419.]

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1892.

[ONE PENNY.]



INTERVIEWING GOSCHEN.

"Not approving of Mr. Goschen's Budget, Poor Pa recently called together a family council, at which it was resolved that a deputation, consisting of Papa, Mr. McGooseley, Mr. Iky Mo and Mr. McNab, should wait upon Mr. Goschen and give him their views upon the subject. Accordingly they did so, and, as Papa put it, quite tied the Right Honourable Gentleman up with their arguments. The price of 'Unsweptened' formed the chief grievance, and Poor Pa insinuated that if ballet girls' mammas were taxed, the duty on his favourite beverage might be lightened. Eventually the deputation was kicked out."—TOOTSIE.

THE CRICKET SEASON.



"Splendid weather, old man! Just the sort for cricket! Couldn't be better! Bring the bag and away we go. Getting ready? Not a bit of it. Fancy, dear me, merely fancy!"

"Pshaw! what's that? Snow, as I'm alive! Jumping Jerusalem! am I awake or asleep? Turn back? Not I! 'Tis nothing, lad, simply nothing—an optical illusion." But when they get to the cricket-ground—

And find the grass covered with about six inches of snow, it suddenly dawns upon them that there is such a thing as an English climate to deal with in connection with outdoor sports.

THE PRINCE OF PIRATES.

In the latter part of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, every sea was infested with pirates, among whom one of the most notorious was Captain Bartholomew Roberts.

The first of Roberts' exploits was to attack and burn a Portuguese fort, after which he attacked the town. Soon after this they fell in with a fleet of forty-two Portuguese ships off the Bay of Lostodos Santos, laden with merchandise. Roberts, keeping his men concealed and mixing with the fleet, came close alongside of one of the deepest laden. He ordered the crew to send their master on board the pirate ship quietly, threatening to give him no quarter if any resistance were offered or signal made. The Portuguese, terrified by the sudden flourish of cutlasses, submitted without a word, and the captain came as ordered. Roberts, bowing politely, said that their business with him was only to be informed which was the richest laden ship, and if he directed them rightly, he should be restored to his own vessel without harm, but that, otherwise, he must expect instant death.

On this, the Portuguese captain pointed to a ship with forty guns and 150 men; but this by no means dismayed the pirates, who said they were only Portuguese. When they came within hail, the prisoner was ordered to invite the other captain on board. The other replied that he would come presently; but by the noise and bustle that

immediately ensued, the pirates saw they were discovered, and that the guns were being got ready. Roberts, therefore, without losing a moment, put in a broad-side, grappled and boarded. Many of the Portuguese and two of the pirates were killed. But by this time the fleet were alarmed, top-gallant sheets were flying, and guns fired to fetch out two men-of-war that rode at anchor hard by; but they did not come up in time—perhaps they were afraid to do so—and Roberts got away with the prize, which proved to be a rich one, containing 4,000 moidores in gold, besides a quantity of valuable jewellery, including a diamond cross designed for the King of Portugal.

After this feat the pirates retired to a place called the Devil's Island, and there passed some length of time in drunkenness and debauchery; then, going again on the warpath, they made some more captures with much hideous cruelty and bloodshed, burning ships and firing on and pillaging towns, after which they again retired into seclusion on the Island of St. Bartholomew, where the Governor and his officers feasted them, and the ladies, profiting by their example, endeavoured to outvie each other in attracting the good graces of the piratical crew.

Notwithstanding their successful adventures, these ruffians could not be kept in order, being almost always mad drunk. To deal with these ungovernable brutes, Roberts had for ever his knife and pistol ready to settle accounts with them.

But, clever as he was, his reign was not destined to last for ever.

LATEST FROM YELPINGTON.

that there pirat he is on the jobb agin, an' he 'ave sho' me billiam 'is leff hear, pore boi, in a bottel. Mrs. billiam, his mother, she sai it's od she ain't never in time to se 'im. it give me the 66 (six) to think at a moment ov 'orror lik this thare shoob be douts of truffleness wen i sai i 'ave parted with a shillin' an' a peny on a count to keep wot is leff of billiam, pore boi! O it do.

(Signed) ALEXANDRY.

(Next week something startling.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

We're obliged to you for cutting, MICK, but cannot understand the reason which induced you to pretend that you had a perfect knowledge of the complicated case; We're very glad to hear it, IRISH FRIEND. It isn't very often that the Ancient "capthespike," But he's touchy on that subject, ARTHUR ROSE; You needn't bother, SOCIALIST, about the thing at all, It's hardly worth the trouble, goodness knows! We're sorry that we could not use your sketches, BERTIE MEEK, We destroyed them, as you did not send a stamp; You'd better seek instruction from The Gardener, MISS PEARL, We know you ought to always keep them damp. You cannot read your "SLOPER," POLL, or you'd have plainly seen That we stopped the competitions months ago; Your plan is rather clever, NEWT, as far as we can see, It isn't of importance, ALBERT LOWE. As often as you like to take the trouble, WILLIE BOND; Thanks muchly, but we cannot use it, PHAST; There's very little difference, GOG, but we should feel inclined To give our vote in favour of the last.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"A DRY season diminishes the quantity of milk supplied by cows from twenty-five to thirty per cent." Thus Mrs. Jones read to her lord and master from an article in the paper. "Very likely, but it improves the quality," said Mr. Jones. "How is that?" questioned his spouse. "Why, the farmer's wells run dry," answered Mr. J.

"CALL that a vallyble picture?" said Farmer Fatted, looking at a gem by Birket Foster—a ruined cottage, pigs and poultry. "Why, I wouldn't gi' a fifty pun' note for the tumbledown owd place itself, pigs an' fowls an' all."

"MR. SLOPER's compliments to Mr. Jones, and will Mr. Jones kindly lend him his new set of false teeth, because he's going out to a big dinner party?" "Mr. Jones' compliments to Mr. SLOPER, and he will see him bally well blowed first, and will he, Mr. SLOPER, have the kindness to return that cake of dog soap he borrowed, when he said he was going to have a party, and wanted to let them see the colour of his skin at least once in a blue moon?"

"WHICH do you think," asked pretty Flo, "The sweetest picture in the show?" And Charlie, who had lots of nous, said, "Burlington's art treasure House No picture holds so fair, I vow, As that which stands before me now."

HE was such a thoughtful, moderate man, that he actually followed his mother-in-law into the kitchen in the dark and kissed her surreptitiously like, so that she should have the pleasure of believing that the job was done by the young bookie lodging on the second floor.

"Is your Bill engaged to our Sal?" "Not as I knows on, old man. But why?" "Cos I seed him picking some of her hairpins out of his coat sleeve with a pair o' pincers; and if that ain't affection—blow me! what is?"

"PERHAPS, sare, in de vulgare hore, you may have de advantage, but, sare, look at de cuisine, vare de art comes in! Vy do you not flavare your meat de same as us? Becos you no can do it, sare!" protested a French chef to an English rival. "It don't want it, Frenchy. Our meat is good enough to eat as it is, but yours is so thundring bad that you're bound to flavare it up, or you could never get it down at all," was the reply.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 419.—The "Jack-in-the-Box" Costume.



A jolly old monk of St. Cloud said, "Good morning, Hélené, how do you?" Would you like a kiss?" Her answer was this: "I should; but, then, not one from you."

UNPALATABLE. A girl A. SLOPER would not kiss—no, not even for a bottle of "Unsweetered."



Hostess. Do take some tea, Ethel! Ethel (who has an antipathy to drinking tea without food). No, thanks, dear; I never take tea by itself. Hostess. Perhaps you'd like a drop of whisky in it, dear.



"How does this razor feel?" "I don't know; but I know how I feel—floyed."

In this case the old Sabots were handy, or rather footy.

THEY were drawing up a list of the toasts to be given at a dinner of the Incorporated Law Society, and after the Royal toasts, someone suggested "The Lord Chancellor." "Oh, no," objected someone else, "The Lord Chief Justice." "Bah!" exclaimed a third, "give the man to whom the profession is more indebted than both of those put together." "Who is that?" "The man who makes his own will."

"DOES she suffer him to kiss her?" asked a frenzied rival of his best girl's little brother. "There don't seem much suffering about it—I should say she likes it, by the way she goes on," piped the youngster.

HE had studied the stage a great deal more than the law, and when he came across a request on his intermediate paper for a definition of real property, he wrote: "Real property is so called to distinguish it from stage properties." And, strange to say, that youth didn't get even half marks.

If "Richard-Henry" had a "split," What book would most resemble it? Well, neither would for 'other tarry. And we should see a Dick shun Harry.

"ASSISTANTS are a terrible trouble in our profession, sir. There's that new one I've engaged, he wastes half his time in gossiping," said Sizzers, the haircutter, to a long suffering customer. "Did you ever try a deaf and dumb one?" ventured his victim. "Yes, sir, but he didn't answer," returned Sizzers. "No, I suppose not; but wasn't that an advantage?" was the long sufferer's reply.

Young Sharpshins. Dad, ask me some questions in Natural History! Old Sharpshins. What is a sparrow? Young Sharpshins. A sparrow is made of Indian rubber, and— Old Sharpshins. WHAT? What d'ye mean? Young Sharpshins. Well, he's a gutter percher, anyhow, and that's near enough.

"How is it," asked Mrs. Wonerro, "that they tell you the Turks are all teetotalers, when the papers have always got something about the Sultan and the port(e)?"

THERE'S nothing new under the sun, not excepting Oscar O'Flaherty Wilde's dyed carnation. All flowers die sooner or later.

"WHAT is Golden Number, father?" asked an inquiring budlet. "Number one, my son," responded the I. B.'s sire.

Literary Hack. I'm writing a speech which is to be delivered with a presentation watch to a sergeant of police. What's a good thing to compliment him on? Friend. Hum—ha—oh—why, on his quickness of apprehension, of course.

THE latest excuse by a man who has been out on the beanpole lay, and who has come home to have his face scratched by his missus, is to tell his pals that he has been out maying, and the prickles in the hedges have been too much for him.

THERE'S many a slip 'Twixt cup and lip; And when the cup Too oft goes up, Although it kiss The lips, I wis, It brings to all Full many a fall.

SCENE—Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Sickanate. Well, has anyone called since I've been out? Youthful Clerk. Yes, sir; and as he'd called three times before, just to keep him in a good temper, I asked him what his case was, and then gave him my advice. Sickanate (horror-stricken). You gave him advice? What did you tell him? Youthful Clerk (with conscious pride). Why, sir, I told him he had to make an Affidavit, file an Interrogatory, present a petition, Inquirende de Lunaticis, and obtain a writ of Habeas Corpus, a Ne Exeat and a Replevin. Sickanate. And what did he say? Youthful Clerk. He said he thought he'd go and see if he couldn't settle the case amicably.

"WHAT a charming drawing room suite yours is," said Belinda Bladder's very latest betrothed, as he gazed on the spindleshank arrangements in blue and gold that, like the Sloper staff, were never meant to be sat upon. And while Belinda simpered an affirmative, the most fiendish of her brothers, the principal Twiglet, hauled in from the kitchen a substantial resting-shelf, as wooden as the head that can't see Sloperian wherzies. "What's that for?" gasped the betrothed. And the Twiglet replied, "That's what we make Belinda's mashes sit on, 'cause those others ain't up to ten to twelve stone, what they generally run at with Belinda's nine on his knee." [And now another affaire de cœur is off.]

Lady (with sick husband).—And what shall I do if—the worst comes to the worst? Charwoman.—Oh, anyone will lay 'im out, mum! I'll be most pleased to do it for yer, mum!

AT a certain library and reading room, well known to Freshmen, and not a hundred miles from Bloomsbury, it was one day discovered that the clock had stopped. Complaint was made to an attendant, who mentioned it to the clerk of the room, who reported in writing to the superintendent, who did the same to the chief librarian, who was obliged to write to the Clerk of the County Council in Spring Gardens, where it was brought in due course before a Committee, who gave permission for it to be repaired; but before the permission had time to arrive the clockmaker who contracts for it had wound it up, and it was going as usual.

THE lecturer said, "Friends, G I N Just spells a snare that folks fall in." Says ALLY, "Do as I—take care To always get outside the snare."

"WO'N't you try this Spring chicken?" asked Mr. Bizwit's hostess. "Humph! What is the charge?" queried the luminary, jocosely. Then responded a wretched man, who was struggling with the joints of the old rooster, "Obtaining a situation with a false character, I should say."

"RASK and money are nothing, my dear sir! It is worth that makes the man," said the amiable idiot. "No, it isn't. Work makes the woman, and very often breaks the man who has to pay the bills," responded the man who had been there.

SHE was a scrumptious, dainty little damsel with violet cheeks like peaches, a mouth like a rosebud, and with cascading curls frolicking over a lily white brow—in fact, she was a right garden of Eden of a girl; and when she said to the bookseller's assistant, "I want Society," he answered, "You may have as much of mine as you like, you little darling!"



"It's all very well to say why don't I come in, but the brute will fly at me if I attempt to have one way or the other."



THE CAPTIVE.
Or the white slave of Bloomsbury.



AT THE CROSS ROADS.
Lady (who has gone out to meet her lover). My good man, have you passed a gentleman on a bicycle?
Miner. Not likely! Do yer take me for a blooming steam engine?



"You suggest kissing as a remedy for melancholy. Well, dear, I have no one to kiss except my husband, and you surely don't expect me to kiss him."
—Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 233.—MISS MABEL TURNER.

"Tis hard to think that I must live without her."
—The Dook Snook.
"Oh, promise me that someday you'll be mine!"—Lord Rob.
"I'm pining for her love, yet she withholds it."
—The Hon. Billy.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—CHARLES COBORN, Esq.



(1). How A. SLOPER got 'em will ever remain a mystery, even to himself, suffice it that he possessed them—two lovely ones.—(2). Whether they were obtained in defence of England, Home and Beauty.—(3). Or through the instrumentality of the "Sloper Arms" chucker, it would be presumption to inquire. A. SLOPER rather favours the former theory, although, when, in the words of his friend Charles Coborn, "Time, gentlemen, time!" was called, he distinctly remembers questioning the truth of the assertion, and insisting upon standing his ground and one more drink round, when—but no matter. It is enough that they were strongly in evidence the next morning, and how to get rid of them was the momentous question. It was, oh! not a surprise to the Wreck that Mr. Charles Coborn had revived the song to which his features supplied a striking illustration, from the simple fact that one can't have too much of a good thing, and it struck him that the admirable comedian was the very man, under the circumstances, to advise him how to reduce the discoloration. "Charles," cried A. SLOPER, rushing on to the stage of one of the many halls where

that gentleman was appearing in "Two Lovely Black Eyes," "behold me!" "Oh, what an alteration!" ejaculated Mr. Coborn. "Have a cooler?"—(4). And he applied a flat iron to the F.O.M.'s rainbow hued optics. "Thanks, Charley, thanks! I already feel much relief. How, my friend, can I repay you? Ah! I have it! I will interview you here before the public. Tell me, now, what was your age when you first saw the light?" But the audience did to A. SLOPER that which has made many a celebrated actor's heart swell with pride—they rose to him: which would have been very satisfactory had they refrained at the same time from yelling, boating and shaking their fists. Handled off by Mr. Coborn to his dressing room, "Charles," said A. SLOPER, when he had taken a little something, "why can't we combine our talents and appear together as 'The Men who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo'?"—(5). "We should be immense. By-the-by, you couldn't lend me half a thick 'un, could you?" Mr. Coborn replied in one of the many foreign languages of which he is a master, which is all right when you know it, but you've got to know it first.

FRENCH NAIL TONIC.



(1). The Laird makes a matter of himself since McNab administered the Browale cure for melancholy.



(2). When beeslimes weren't in it.



(3). And the Elder said, "Dear me, I was only gawn to present him with sum French nails,—they say iron is guid for the blood."



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Yes, I quite agree with you, it is a wonder how I do it, and if you only knew one half of the difficulties I have to overcome, one quarter of the obstacles I have to encounter during my weekly search for something to tickle your, by this time, super-delicate palates, you would be still further astonished. But I detain you.—Bravo, Sir James! you're very right, the postal clerk is not polite.—One more arrest—but all the same, I think he has himself to blame.—The farmers'

custom 'tis to slay The rooks in this illegal way:—Lord Walsley thinks it would be wise The British Force to advertise:—Walk up! walk up! Sir Frederick bawls, A splendid show adorns the walls:—The G.O.M. is hostile still Towards the Women's Suffrage Bill:—The life of pretty Florence Brooke Her ruffian sweetheart nearly took.—There you are, my hearties, you'll have to rest contented with that until next week. Till then, ta-ta!—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

THE ART OF STUDY.



Guileless Maiden. Oh, auntie, dear, look at the buttercups and daisies. How sweet and innocent the joys of youth seem when we are among such beautiful productions of nature.



Mr. Robbins has got a bad attack of indigestion, and is on his way to commit suicide.



Nellie is intrusted with a one line part, and spends four hours every day for two months in rehearsing.



THE "DEVIL" AND HIS MASTER.



First British Workman. I say, Bill, us won't do no more work to-day.
Second Ditto. What d'yer mean by more work? Us hasn't done nowt all day, bar lower bloomin' four arl.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

HERE, what's all this fuss again about the Sale of Intoxicants to Children? We thought this question had been threshed out locally long ago. But, no; the teetotalers won't let it rest, and at Laverpool, the other day, the Town Council held a big meeting, where a motion to the effect that "This council considers the present practice of supplying intoxicating liquors to young children (although not intended for consumption on the premises) a source of intemperance and injurious to public interests," was carried unanimously. Should the Bill at present before Parliament become law, the British working men will, like the hero of Ingoldsby's poem, "Misadventures at Margate," be compelled to "fetch the beer himself," a proceeding which doesn't strike us as



such very hard lines, after all. But we shall see.

ALLY's old friend, Mrs. JUDY, celebrates her Half-Jubilee this week by giving away with the current issue of her paper an exact facsimile of the first number, which was published May 1st, 1867. Twenty-Five Years is a good old time to stand the battle and the breeze of public opinion; but JUDY has done it, and, after a quarter of a century, is as fresh as ever. A. SLOPER wishes JUDY many Happy Returns of the Day.

WE made mention a few weeks ago of a capital parlour amusement, called "Ally Sloper's Round Game of Personalities," the demand for which has been so great, that the manufacturer, Adolphe Hamburg, of 7 Hatton Garden, desires us to say that, in addition to supplying the game to most of the fancy stationers, toy shopkeepers, etc., he has made arrangements by which it can now be obtained at all the railway bookstalls.

SURELY *The Gentlewoman* is getting grandmotherly as it increases in age. Speaking about horseracing, it asserts that "there is nothing more undignified and unwomanly than the sight of a young girl, daintily dressed, standing on a drag, glass in hand, watching eagerly the progress of a race, and cheering her 'fancy' as it bounds swiftly along." Did you ever read anything more absurd? What earthly harm can there be in a woman participating in the right royal pastime if she so desires, providing, of course, she does so innocently and without ulterior objects? Of course we all know that racing is naturally exciting—what sport is not? but surely excitement does not demoralize women. If we accept the prudish ideas of our contemporary we may as well return to the Puritanical age.

THE Mildewed Monstrosity has this day been graciously pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon LEOPOLD WENZEL, because he's a popular and talented musician. "Feyther," blatted the Azure Orbed the other night at the Empire, as the applause which greeted the appearance in the conductor's seat of the composer of *Nisida* died away, "they seem to appreciate Leopold here, don't they?" And the Agèd nodded affirmatively as he lubricated his larynx with yet another Kummel.

THE Eminent has received from Messrs. Hertz and Collingwood a sample case of their celebrated Rosbach Natural Table Water, which, among other qualifications, possesses that of being recommended by the faculty for rheumatic diseases. SLOPER isn't troubled with anything of that kind, we're glad to say, and he's placed that Rosbach away until somebody is good enough to forward a case of old brandy or special whisky, when it will come in useful for diluting purposes. We sincerely hope nobody will be foolish enough to do so. SLOPER gets more than is good for him outside, but if drink is once introduced upon the premises—well, goodness knows what may not happen.

IN *The Life we Live*, the most recent Princess success, the old class of melodrama is hashed up to suit modern palates. Of course, we have the usual unlimited display of vice by the villain, together with a few hair breadth escapes on the part of the hero and heroine, to make things a bit equal. Of course, virtue predominates in the end—the bare idea of a good old blood curdling melodrama terminating otherwise makes one's hair stand on end. There are one or two striking situations in the piece: the death of the poor old mother, being of an exceedingly pathetic nature. Charles Warner, as the much persecuted Harry Redmond, has ample opportunities for the exercise of his vocal powers, but his style is, perhaps, a little too bombastic. Mary Rorke makes an excellent heroine, and W. L. Abingdon a villain whom everyone hates, while W. L. Shine proves himself a most capable comedian. Of the rest, Harry Bedford shows the most dramatic power.



ON the night of Saturday, April 23rd, the Antiquated 'Amfat and major part of the Family, foregoing for once the allurements of the ballet and the giddy haunt of beauty, accepted the kind invitation of Mr. W. J. Markham, and graced with their distinguished presence a capital smoking concert, held at the South Peckham Liberal Club. The entertainment was of the highest order, harmony and special Irish predominated, and when the Family left the hospitable portals of the club, the cheer that went up from the assembled Peckham Liberals nearly raised the roof. Somebody has since asserted that it might have been one of relief; but A. SLOPER can afford to treat insinuations of this sort with the contempt they deserve.

WE have sad news, indeed, for the hokey-pokey man and the riven ringleted son of Italy, who, during the summer months, retaileth a more or less poisonous concoction known among its consumers as "cream and raspberry." Messrs. Dickinson and Maccolloch have invented an automatic machine which, upon the customer's penny being dropped into the slot, releases a drawer in which reposes a neat little cardboard box, containing a pure and delicious Neapolitan ice and a little teaspoon. The machine will be placed at the principal railway stations and many seaside resorts frequented by the festive tripper and the sweet-toothed youngster. The fact that the ice is manufactured by that high class firm, the Horton Ice Cream Co., is alone amply sufficient to obtain extensive patronage for this novel and ingenious development of automatism.

SLOPER is, take him altogether, so excellent a fellow that when anyone invents anything especially excellent nowadays, they almost invariably name it after the F.O.M. It is this reason, anyhow, which induced Messrs. Thomas Stothert & Company, of Blackburn, to name a new and useful preparation of theirs, "Ally Sloper's Dry Soap." The Wreck himself doesn't know much about soap—evil minded persons have before this hinted that his acquaintance with water is equally limited—but Mrs. Sloper asserts that it's a wonderful invention and robs washing-day of half its terrors, and she ought to know, oughtn't she?

THAT pampered up portion of the community designated under the title of Post Office Assistants, have at last received a check, and to the Postmaster-General the thanks of the general public are due. The rudeness and incivility to be met with in post offices had become almost proverbial, and when we look back it seems wonderful that we have put up for such a long period with the arrogance of a few dressed up, low bred, presumptuous lackanapes. Although Sir James Fergusson's decree is no more than a fortnight old, it is wonderful already to notice the alteration in the demeanour of the assistants generally. On the occasion of the purchase of a stamp recently, at a post office not a hundred miles from Shoe Lane, we were almost startled out of our wits, upon tendering the humble penny, to receive quite a meek "Thank you!" in return. Truly, a change of front with a vengeance, and a sure token that fear will overawe even the most unmitigated of cads.

AT a recent *matinée* at the Princess Theatre, one of the spectators in the gallery, on its being announced that the author was not in the house, gave vent to his feelings by shouting out, "A good job too." These words met with the general approbation from the assembled audience, and sent them away happy in the thought that they had heard at least one acceptable line during the afternoon.

A POOR lad residing at Leigh, in Lancashire, had, as he thought, the good fortune to find a £25 note. The boy's mother took it to the owner, who had the audacity to calmly thank her and offer her—twopence. It is hard to imagine anyone behaving with such deplorable meanness, but there are lots of similar cases upon record, nevertheless. We are vindictive enough to hope not only that this contemptibly stingy individual may soon lose another £25, but that he may never get it back.

WE get a good many things from America, not excluding taradiddles of a peculiarly abnormal size, but were it not that we ourselves have had painful and personal experience of woman's extravagance we should feel inclined to receive with a very considerable quantity of salt the statement that a well known dancer across the herring pond has just been sued for her milliner's bill, amounting to no less a sum than fifteen thousand dollars. We have always admired the snowy, diaphanous petticoats which fall in such graceful and beautiful folds around the limbs of our celebrated skirt dancers, but now we know what it costs we shall look upon an actress' *lingerie* with increased interest, not unmixed with a certain amount of veneration.

THE Printing Machine Managers are early in the field with the announcement that their annual excursion, for one to six days, takes place on Saturday, July 2nd, when *blase* "Unsweetered" soaked Sloperites may enjoy several sniffs of the briny at Margate, Ramsgate or Broadstairs, or all three if they choose, for the small sum of 3s. 6d. for one day and 4s. 6d. for six days. Make your arrangements in time, and look out for the Briny Buffeter at "Merry Margit."



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 14TH, 1892

8th May, 1835.—William Blanchard, comedian, died this day, aged sixty-five.

9th May, 1864.—The following curious electioneering bill, former days was inserted in *Saunders' News-Letter* of this date. "During the time of a contested election in Meath, some years ago, Sir Mark Somerville sent orders to the proprietor of a hotel in Trim to board and lodge all that should vote for him, which he received the following bill: 'April 16th, 1826.—My bill:—To eating 16 freeholders above stairs for Sir Marks, at 3s. 6d. head, is to me £2 15s. 9d. To 6 beds in one room, and 4 in another, at 2 guineas every bed, and not more than 4 in any bed at any one time, is to me £22 15s. To 18 horses and 5 mules about my yard all night, at every one of them, and for a man which was lost on the head, watching them all night, is to me £5 5s. For breakfast on the morning for every one of them, and as many more as the brought, as near as I can guess, is to me £4 12s. To raw whips and punch, without talking of pipes, tobacco, as well as for pens and as well as for breaking a pot above stairs, and other glasses, a little as I can call it, and not to be too particular, £79 15s. 9d. The shaving and cropping off the heads of the 49 freeholders for Sir Marks, at 13s. for every head of them, by my brother has a bill is to me £2 13s. 1d.'

10th May, 1642.—Parliament this day mustered the Militia in Finsbury Fields; the regiments, when completed, were of the following strength:—The Blue Regiment, 1,411 men; the Yellow Regiment, 1,526 men; the Green Regiment, 1,566 men; the Orange Regiment, 1,741 men; the White Regiment, 2,088 men; the Red Regiment, 1,630 men.—Total, 9,962.

11th May, 1828.—"The counterpane which covered the bed of Charles I. the night before his execution," says a paper of the date, "and which is made of a thick rich blue satin, embroidered with gold and silver in a deep border, has continued to be used by the family of Champeys, of Orchardleigh, near Frome, Somersetshire, as a christening mantle, from the period it came into the possession, by marriage with the sole heiress of the Chandos, Cum's Hall, Fareham, Hampshire, a family connected with Cromwell. The sword belt of the unfortunate King is likewise at Orchardleigh House."

12th May, 1856.—Morris Abrahams made his first London appearance this day, as Billy Taylor, in the burlesque of *Bill Taylor*, at the Edglingham Saloon.

13th May, 1839.—About sixty persons were this day charged at Bow Street with gambling at the Adelphi Club, and twenty-two charged at Marlborough Street with using a gaming house known as the Field Club.

14th May, 1828.—Margaret Nicholson, the would-be assassin of King George III., died this day in Bedlam, after a confinement of forty-two years. She begged to wear black when His Majesty died. Hatfield, who fired at him in Drury Lane Theatre, was then still in Bedlam.

"THE MAID HE LOVES."

Down a winding walk in the garden green,
He goes in the gloaming time,
When the rooks fly home to the old, old trees,
And the vesper rings sweet chime;
He passes the brook where the willows wave,
Nor lists to the dreamy doves,
For he knows so well down the winding walk
He will find the maid he loves.

There are winding walks in our lives, I know,
They are sometimes dew'd with pain,
But if still the love in our hearts abides,
The shadows will fade again;
And the sweet bells ring and the old songs sound
Like the voice of those dreamy doves,
But each heart is blest if it finds sweet rest
With the bonny maid it loves.

A BIT OF BAD SHOOTING.

THERE is a pretty little story, essentially French, in *La Fiancée Sicile* that is altogether too good to be lost. A certain landed proprietor, living near Vernon, and a colonel of dragoons had a deadly quarrel—nothing but red hot blood, and plenty of it, could wash out the insults that had passed between them. But both of them were crack shots, and as the seconds who were appointed had no wish to be left on the ground with two subjects for the local morgue's breakfast, they agreed that lots should be drawn, and the loser should at once proceed to some retired spot along the valley of the Seine and shoot himself. "So that," as one of the seconds sagely remarked, "one shot will settle the business."

The next morning the combatants and their seconds met at a small café outside the town. The arrangements were recapitulated and agreed to, and the lots were duly drawn, the landed proprietor proving the winner. The colonel of dragoons was somewhat "down in the mouth" over his bad luck; he scribbled a few lines on a piece of paper, which he handed to his second, took a most affectionate farewell of everybody, and formally extended forgiveness to his lucky adversary. Then he took the loaded pistol, and the procession started to the woods. Arrived at the outer belt of trees, he once more shook hands, and entered the wood alone.

Breathlessly they awaited the detonation which was to convey to them the finale of the tragedy. At last it came: eagerly they rushed through the belt of silver ash-trees, only to behold he who should have been defunct walking towards them holding a smoking revolver.

"Great snakes!" he said (of course, in the choicest French: this is the liberty of the translator), "great snakes! what a confounded bad shot I'm getting! Gentlemen, I have missed myself!"

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

WITH a man's inborn hatred of making a fuss where it didn't seem necessary, he had put off seeing the doctor until the very last minute. Perhaps he preferred to die a natural death: who knows? But at last he got so thoroughly queer that they forcibly kept him at home and sent for the local Abernethy. It was none too soon. The medico had not been with him five minutes ere he told him the worst: hope there was none—he must prepare for the end. Booze—good old booze—had got in its felly work, had even gone so far as to make "overtime"—and now the last act was being hurried along.

"Doctor," he said, "break the news to my poor little wife, will you? It'll be an awful blow for her; she is more nervous than I am, but you can tell her—"

"My dear fellow," replied the doctor, "better, far better that you should do it yourself. You know her: to me she is a stranger. You can break it to her kindly, gently, gradually!"

So, when the man of prescriptions had gone, and the partner of his joys and sorrows rushed upstairs, she burst into his room with—

"My poor old boy—and what does the doctor say?"

It was a hard moment for him, but he had to break the news to her kindly, gently, gradually, and he answered—

"Well, he says that unless a miracle happens, long before the end of the summer you'll be wearing heavy crape—"

A second later, as he gazed over the side of his bedstead at a pulsating heap upon the floor, he wondered by what perversity of nature women, when they heard a little bit of out-of-the-way news, always went fainting about the place for.

THE EVER-WELCOME!



SLOPER singeth:
 All, May! sweet May!
 the precious and
 gay!
 Walk this way, ma-
 dame; walk this
 way!
 Your friend Mr. Slo-
 per (whose prefix
 is A.)
 Doth welcome you
 here with a glad
 "Hooray!"
 Because (let him say)
 you are always au
 fait
 In bringing sweet
 floral gems, day by
 day;
 So Shoe Lane's Lau-
 reate warbles a lay
 To welcome you,
 May,
 In your pretty
 array—
 With your charms and
 your chimney-
 sweeps, Miss May!

Yes; we oft times care-cankered, poor creatures of clay
 (Who have to fight fiercely in Life's busy fray—
 While often Dan Phobus begrudges a ray,
 Our toil or our trouble to gaily repay).
 Now welcome you here as a frolicsome fay;
 And we kick up our heels during your brief stay,
 For the skies then are blue which were hitherto grey—
 So while you're here, May,
 Your rule we'll obey,
 At the "Sloperies" (meaning All Britain), Miss May!

IT CURED HIM.

THOUGH not born to greatness, he was a moderately successful
 journalist. Fleet Street knew him well, and the Savage Club
 had him as a man and a brother. Though thirty long years of
 hard, grinding, ceaseless toil—had brought him neither fame
 nor fortune, Fate had not altogether been unfavourable to him.
 He smoked a fourpenny cigar occasionally, bought a new suit every
 year, and not infrequently paid the "gas and water" before
 a final "call." But, alas! like so many more of us, his cup of
 bitterness was not without its bitterness; he had one sorrow—the
 knowledge that his son, his bright-eyed, carefully nurtured,
 green-year-old son yearned to follow his father's profession,
 and he had brought the lad into the City with him; had shown
 him the wonders, the curiosities, of Fleet Street; and as they
 strolled into a well-known
 refreshment, after the fati-
 gues of the morning, the
 sharp eyes of the doting
 father, noting the height-
 ened colour, the sparkling
 animation, the animated
 manner of his boy, sighed as he re-
 membered that the excursion
 had but inspired the lad
 with fresh energy.



"And who," inquired the
 father, "is that
 young man yonder, who
 is just ordered a half pint of stout and
 a cold sausage—some poor
 fellow?"

"Hush! my dear boy—hush!" quickly interrupted his father,
 "that is Fawcett, the celebrated leader writer of the *Morning
 Standard*."

The little lad gasped, took a huge bite from his heart-cake to
 give him, and then weighed in with another query.
 "That hollow-eyed, unshaved individual, with the shabby hat
 and the doubtful boots," he asked, "who is trying to induce the
 counter to trust him for that two of warm gin
 and stout?"

"The illustrious editor of the *Evening Planet*, Harold."

Then, who, gasped the now thoroughly bewildered lad, "who
 those sleek, well-dressed men over at that table, drinking cham-
 pagne and smoking big cigars—the wealthy proprietors of some of
 the great dailies, I suppose?"

"No, my child, no; those men are advertisement agents,"
 answered the old pressman. And such was the mingled regret
 and sadness in his voice, that his son emerged from the gargle fac-
 tory with a fixed determination to try his hand at crossing sweeping,
 not blacking, window cleaning, anything in fact but—journalism.

A MERRY JEST.

THEY do enjoy themselves on Sloper's Island. The other day,
 the merry wag took a basket of fish, which belonged to a friend,
 of the railway carriage, and while the friend went to speak
 the station master, concealed it behind a wall. Then all hands
 turned for drinks, and while the owner of the fish was relating
 his misfortune, the merry wag stole quietly out to get the fish, but he
 found that somebody had been before him, and the basket was gone.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

No. 45.—RUBY MANFRED.

THE lady I sing of this week
 Has a horrible cast in her eye,
 And a bloated pinguinoid cheek,
 And a nose of the ruddiest dye.
 She has hands like the dukes of the
 Wreck,
 She has ears most abnormally
 big,
 And a triplicate chin, and a neck
 Like the neck of a goodly fat
 pig.
 She has frightful carrotty hair,
 And her frame is an Amazon's
 frame;
 Of her feet I will merely declare
 That two barges resemble the same.
 She has lips that have never been kissed,
 And a voice like the clack of a hen;
 At the "Friv," she's nocturnally hissed;
 She's despised by both women and
 men.
 She has ways that would ploughboys
 degrade,
 And a temper as bitter as gall;
 She's the nastiest, ugliest maid
 On this massive terrestrial ball!

Gentle reader, your anger dispel!
 By inditing the foregoing, I
 Got a prize as the man who could tell
 The most vile and detestable lie!

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

GAIETY THEATRE, April 26th, 1892.

DEAR MR. SLOPER.—Accept my sincere thanks for bestowing
 your much coveted Diploma on my humble self. It has been the
 dream of my life, and now I can point to the "Award of Merit"
 and say I am the possessor of ALLY'S good opinion. How delightful!
 If at any time you care to take a sip of "Unsweated" tea with
 me, I need not tell you how happy I shall be. My love to all the
 Sloper Family, and especially to Alexandry, whom I am given to
 understand was the bearer to me of the prize. Sorry I did not
 arrive at the stage door in time to see him.
 A rumour has lately gone abroad that you are a little too fond of
 stimulants, but one has only to gaze upon that marble brow and
 pallid nose to know the rumour is unfounded.
 Yours very sincerely, KATE JAMES, F.O.S.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 112.—HE STANDS A THUNDERING GOOD CHANCE OF
GETTING PENAL SERVITUDE FOR LIFE.

I.
 ON May-day morn the Mildew'd Mound,
 While motley myriads hemmed him round,
 Stood stately on an empty cask,
 And proudly plied his pleasant task
 Of spouting forth a sprightly speech
 To all who'd come to hear him preach.
 He waved his arms with frenzied whirls,
 He stamped, he jumped; and of the pearls
 Which he before his audience threw
 We here beneath append a few.

II.
 "All ye who keep away from booze,
 My high esteem ye ne'er shall lose;
 But ye who tope, and swig and swill,
 I'll blow you up—by Jove, I will!"

"All ye good men who love your wives,
 I'll smile upon you all your lives;
 But ye who beat and treat them ill,
 I'll blow you up—by Jove, I will!"

"Ye wives who ne'er the pawnshop seek,
 I fain would kiss your every cheek;
 Ye who mine uncle's store rooms fill,
 I'll blow you up—by Jove, I will!"

"Ye who from cruel ways are free,
 My heart shall hold you dear; but ye
 Who harmless fleas and spiders kill,
 I'll blow you up—by Jove, I will!"

"Ye who my counsels heed shall be
 Supremely blest on earth; but ye
 Who scorn my pious precepts still,
 I'll blow you up—by Jove, I will!"

III.
 Thus, thus, in high poetic strain,
 And ever with the same refrain,
 Long yelped the Yelper—long and loud,
 Till came (slow struggling through the crowd)
 Two slops, and heard his statement shrill,
 "I'll blow you up—by Jove, I will!"

And soon those slops were stalking fast
 Towards the nearest goal,
 While from that multitude so vast
 There rose a wondrous wail.
 For, as the most depraved and mean
 Of London Anarchists,
 The Mouldy Muddler marched between,
 With handcuffs on his wrists!

THE "SLOPER SILVER MEDAL FOR VALOUR"

has this day been presented to
LAURENCE BLOOMFIELD.

for his courageous conduct in rescuing a boy from drowning.

THE following is a brief account of the occurrence:—On Satur-
 day, April 2nd, while some children were playing in the inclosure
 formerly occupied by Messrs. Doulton's Pottery Works, abutting
 on the canal near Victoria Park, one of them fell into the water.
 A moment or two afterwards Laurence Bloomfield, a youth of six-
 teen (son of Mr. Isaac Bloomfield, the well known secretary of
 several Jewish charitable institutions), happened to be passing over
 the canal bridge when his attention was attracted by the cries of
 children, and observing a child's hat floating on the water, he at
 once guessed the cause of their alarm. Without an instant's delay,
 the youth leaped over the bridge on to the path below—in itself a
 feat of some peril—and dived into the water. After considerable
 difficulty he succeeded in rescuing the child, though not a minute
 too soon, as it was carried home in an unconscious state. Even-
 tually, it was restored, we are happy to say.

"THE SLOPERIES," May 7th, 1892.

"HOPE ON! HOPE EVER!"

Oh, ye who fight with adverse Fate!
 It may be so ordained
 That your career shall terminate
 Ere yet your victory's gained.
 With all the hostile powers ye meet
 Perchance ye'll vainly cope;
 Yet Hope can make the battling sweet—
 'Tis well that ye should hope!

Oh, ye whose lives are full of care!
 It may be so decreed
 That from the earthly ill ye bear
 Ye'll ne'er on earth be freed.
 Yet, if ye such a doom forbode,
 More moodily ye'll mope;
 Sweet Hope can ease a sufferer's load—
 'Tis well that ye should hope!

Oh, ye who fear that death is death!
 It may be ordered so
 That souls, when bodies lose their breath,
 To nothingness must go.
 But vainly (howsoever ye yearn)
 The ne'er discovered fact to learn
 Ye in the dark must grope;
 Far happier they who heed—
 Naught save the Christian's hopeful creed—
 'Tis well that ye should hope!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

GET into a violent temper and you won't feel cold. You're bound
to be hot when you're full of (fire).A WATERING-PLACE that's "seasonable" all the year round—
A London dairy.WHY is borrowing from a loan office objectionable?—Because it
results in a nuisance (an usance).THE gods of old lived on Olympus, but that's no reason why a
pork-butcher should kill a limp-puss and make us live on it nowa-
days.WHAT month was it when a monkey stood beside a streamlet?—
April.

Is writing a poetical squib (By)ard labour?

SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

THE DEMON UMBRELLA.

(A TALE OF DIABLERIE.)

CHAPTER XI.

PETER CRAWLEY SIMPSON resumed his labours, and after about
 a quarter of an hour told himself he had finished the grate. It
 was not a great success, he felt compelled to admit,
 but it was a very great improvement on the
 rusty aspect. Then he
 looked round for more worlds
 to conquer. He decided
 to polish up the kitchen
 gas-bracket. He did that,
 and, fired with ambi-
 tion, had extended his
 operations to the clean-
 ing of a dish-cover. While in the
 midst of this inter-
 esting occu-
 pation the kitchen door opened quietly and someone entered.
 Peter Crawley Simpson looked up quickly and a moment after-
 wards exclaimed, in astonishment—
 "Lydia!"



"Lydia!"

"Peter, dear," murmured Lydia, as she fell into his arms, "when
 Betsy told me how lonely you had been, and what you were doing,
 I felt that I could bear this dreadful separation no longer. I have
 been so miserable without you, dear. Shall we be as we were?"

"Betsy," said Peter, as he gazed at that excellent domestic, who
 had followed his wife into the room and was looking on with a
 great show of interest over his wife's shoulder, "run down and tell
 the baker to resume sending the breakfast rolls which I stopped
 six days ago."

Then he said some other things to his wife, which a sympathetic
 British public will understand without being told of more fully.

That night the baleful Indian Umbrella handle reclined in the

stand of George Augustus
 Brown's lodgings. Above
 it hung a badly bruised
 and battered silk hat.
 After leaving his cousin,
 Brown had gone to the
 theatre to hear Lottie
 Collins, and in the midst
 of the excitement engendered
 by much "Ta-ra-ra,
 Boom-de-ay," the man in
 the seat behind had driven
 Brown's best hat over his
 eyes with a blow of his
 fist, and then looked in-
 nocent when the police
 were sent for. It was
 fate!



A battered silk hat.

new branch formed had always shed an additional lustre of respecta-
 bility on its surroundings. The Simpson affair was undoubtedly
 the first break in this lovely condition of affairs. It was intoler-
 able, to say the very least, and feelings of the deepest indignation
 rose in the bosom of Jonas Simmons as he thought of it. It was
 more particularly annoying because he had always thought so
 highly of Peter Crawley Simpson, and the old gentleman's pride
 was very considerably hurt at the discovery that he had been, as it
 were, cherishing a viper in his breast. The ambition to be always
 respectable, which animated his actions, received a rude shock by
 the letter from George Augustus Brown, and the determination in
 his character was speedily evinced by his resolve to inquire into
 the matter at once, and to
 change his will at once if need
 were.

He was grateful to George
 Augustus Brown for his
 prompt action in the matter.
 He felt that but for the thought-
 fulness of that young man, the
 condition of affairs might have
 been hid from his knowledge.
 He would reward that young
 man. He evidently was a chip
 of the family block, and recog-
 nized the record of respecta-
 bility was in danger.

Jonas Simmons' resolution
 was quickly taken. It was
 carried out with equal prompti-
 tude. He would go to London!
 Very few minutes sufficed for
 his preparation, and an hour
 after the receipt of the letter
 he was on his way. It was a
 warm day when he arrived at
 his journey's end, and Jonas
 Simmons came to the conclu-
 sion that he would be no
 worse off if he had a glass of beer
 and a sandwich ere he pro-
 ceeded in his investigations.
 He selected a quiet looking
 public-house. His selection
 was a judicious one. For the
 sake of privacy, the counter
 was divided by panels into
 little boxes, and the respectability of Jonas Simmons was in no
 danger of being injured by his being seen in a public-house. A
 good deal of respectability consists in not being found out.

(To be continued next week.)



It was a warm day.

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY



No. 254.—HARRY PLEON, F.O.S.

"Not having commenced life, as it is nowadays lived, until he had reached maturity, Harry had, of course, a lot of leeway to make up, so it was not at all surprising to find him at the age of twenty-one full gallop on the road to ruin or elsewhere—more probably the former than the latter. Five shillings was the sum total of his fortune, and it lasted him exactly three minutes—as long, in fact, as it took him to traverse the distance from his homestead to the nearest hostelry. Having expended his 'crown' in 'Irish,' Harry felt unhappy and drunk. London being twenty miles away, and as the genial youth's legs were a little unsteady, seven weeks elapsed before he hove in sight of the great metropolis. The first glimpse of Cockneydom caused our hero to turn pale, and inclination urged him to fly away home again, but duty and the smell of whisky proved stronger factors, and the blooming young buxom entered London with all the cheek of a bantam rooster. Harry's first exploit was to weigh in at the Lyceum Theatre and offer himself as understudy to Irving. A kick out resulted, and a general soreness prevailed. Our hero then tackled the music hall profession and became instantly successful. Chiefly because he is a bright and ever shining star, our hero was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him April 19th, 1892."—*Debrett Improved.*



"Bill! come an' ave a look at the gent in the hopera 'at."



THE QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS.



A VEGETARIAN.

THE REDEEMING FEATURE.

SCENE—The High Road.



Ethel. Hallo, Mr. Scroggins, do you go in for a tandem? But what peculiar looking horses. I shouldn't think they're up to much for going.

Scroggins. Well, they're not much to look at, I must candidly confess, but they'll—er—take any amount of whip, don't yer know.



"How do they pronounce it, table de 'de?' "No, my boy, table de 'ot."



Rustic Voters. Us don't want no strangers. Wot us wants is a local candidate. Candidate, Gentlemen, although I wasn't born in this borough, my grand-mother was, and my politics are the same as hers.

THE DYNAMITE TART.



(1). Tim Casey (looking in). "Top o' the mornin' to ye, Micky! Is it cookin' yer dinner ye're after?" Mick Doolan. "Shure an' it is not! It's a bit av a roie I'm makin' for the lad that's taken the farm up beyant there. Shtep in an' O'll tell ye the secret av it." (2). "Ye see the devil O've prepared that little trout for's taken a houldin' that me own brother might have been evicted out av if he'd happened to live there. Bad luck to him! And so O've put enough dinnymote in the poie to blow him to smithereens the first tooth he puts to it. Ye see O'm layin' it on the doorshtep for safety till Oi send it up to the spalpeen wil the baker's boy." (3). "Och! begob! why, what's all this? Tim Casey, your thavin' devil av a greyhound's swallowed me poie! Bedad, Oi see it in his snuile! Bad scan to the haste! but O'll kick it out av his bodle! Take that, ye swakin' leprechan!" (4). "Bang!!" (5). And when "they met again in shadowland," as the song says, Tim Casey was still having his laugh out at Doolan's expense, though, perhaps, after all, had he fully considered the case, he might have spared a few grins at his own also.

GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED.



No. 8.—Winifred.

FOUND HIS VOCATION.



"Well, boy, what do you want?" "A coom in a-seen' that there notice, as a thought a should sewt loike!"

HOLI-DAY v. JOLLY-DAY.



"What's affected you, hot sun?" "No, dear boy—(hic)—cold whisky."